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THE
TIMES.
A SATIRE.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS]

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PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

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THE
TIMES.

A SATIRE.

To the KING;

AND DEDICATED TO THE

EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

By T. BROWNE, Esq.

"DECIPIMUR SPECIE RECTI"

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БИБЛІОГРАФІЯ

І. А. СІДОР

МАФІЯ О'БОЯНІ

DEDICATION.

TO HIS

IMPERIAL MAJESTY.

“ Pacisque imponere morem;”

VIR. ENEID.

*O Toi qui t'es fait craindre jadis a la guerre !
Il ne manque rien pour combler tes hauts faits,
Pour te montrer un Dieu sur la terre ;
Joseph ! tu parseme les vertus de la paix !*

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

1000

32. H. M. L. H. 32

T H E
T I M E S.
A SATIRE.

“ Mon vers bien ou mal dit toujours quelque chose.”

IN solitary dales, unknown of pain,
Where spreading rocks ever embow'r the plain ;
Where passion the soul of man ne'er fir'd,
From care awhile how happy thus retir'd !

Yet there is no respite from human woe,
Or wretched man's calamities below ;
E'er thus in contemplation driven,
The thought disturbs my intercourse with heav'n :

Then, rise, my Muse, my friend, rise, come along,
Accompany my solitary song.

Where'er I cast my melancholy eyes,
Now ills or gloomy prospects solely rise ;

B

Whether

Whether on court, on town, abroad, at home,
 On the past, on the present, or to come;
 My mind a good can ne'er see, or forbode,
 And lost it feign would fly the drear abode !

I. Ye Gods, what ills, what incidents of woe,
 From avarice and ambition flow !
 Each fullied virtue, now turn'd vice, bemoan :
 Each gilded vice, into a virtue grown !

O lost to virtue, lost to grace and Jove,
 Who ne'er have felt a spark of gen'rous love :
 Sure love of country's no where to be found,
 Or 'tis ever a vice or airy of sound.

Say, muse, say friend, in senate or in field,
 Where is the Patriot ? but one I yield :
 But one, e'en one, from cottage to Whitehall,
 Find me but one, I pardon, I grant all.

Is it a F—x, a W—ks, a M—d—t—n ?
 A mob ringleader or a simpleton ?
 Is it the lord that shares the city feast ?
 Is it the doctor, lawer, or the priest ?
 Is it the merchant the beggar at his door ?
 Is it the hirling, city-wit or boor ?

Is

Is it the savage that traffics with our meat?
 Or party tool that warms the debate?
 That fly, slow thing, while fates impending lower,
 That snale that wriggles up the hill of power?
 Or he that rises on his country's fall?
 Or he who only represents them all?

Not one of these, who aim at power, wealth,
 Not one of these, who fat or starve by stealth;
 From *Babilon*, wild congress of the beasts,
 Unto the man who but the harvest wastes;
 From the princely child of melancholy,
 Unto the boor that struts with a big belly,
 The poet, player, artist, orator
 (Or should I say, the grave philosopher,)
 Not one of these, unto their country foes,
 But hides his head amidst the public woes!

Ye gods! what creatures! what puzzle! and what wit!
 One booby stands and more than fifty fit!
 Affairs go on, conclude, stand as they were,
 Or each prolongs or longs to sooth his care;
 Each motion promis'd, making or to make,
 But moves the farther, nearer, the rump stake. But

But lo all's o'er, each member goes away,
 They go to laugh the bus'ness of the day:
 Each printing mimic, now, each hungry clerk,
 Sit up all night, prolong the winter's spark,
 T'amuse the public, or to eat roast beef ;
 In short, lo, all is done, and to be brief,
 The morning rises and the papers spread ;
 And now each citizen, laughs, or shakes his head ;
 Now here, now there, in clubs, and in carouses,
 In coffee, porter, and in eating houses !
 Now with my lord, now with my lady !
 And all prepare them to renew the day !

Perhaps some boor enrich'd at selling men,
 Offers a ship to beat the Dutch, again,
 To thrive as he his former fortune made,
 By human traffic, and not change his trade !

But the same cup of vice is flowing o'er,
 The same the nation's debt, the same the poor ;
 The same, the one leg'd sailor, or the bawd ;
 The same the Negro, the same the outlaw'd !

What W--ks, what F--x, would ever change, the law ?
 None in the constitution see's a flaw !

Some

Some may lament the fate of country, town,
 Who in the public ills perceive their own :
 None will lament the public vice, none will
 In his own good, perceive the public ill !

Who e'er, fay, wept, oppres'd America,
 Irish Helote, Helote of Africa ?

But all enjoy, applaud the common ruin,
 And men in chorus sing man's dying tune !

Hark ! lo, the dire moment is come at last !
 When Britannia must repay the past ;
 In each her sons, return groan for groan,
 And all is scourg'd from cottage to the throne.

While war, pest, famine, sink on each dire head,
 And hungry birds are burriers of the dead,
 O that the innocent alone should live,
 Survive the ruin, some return give !

Lo the still repeated work of Politics,
 Of jugglers, fools, of hair-brain'd fanatics !

Now a long tribe in opposition stand,
 Who court no place, no pension, no command ;
 Encouragers of rebellion e'er found,
 Shew of the state each secret and each wound !

See Justice, how moderate and how mild!
 Lo, she but hangs, the beggar, orphan, child,
 While, one a country ruin'd more than twelve lost,
 And one his brother's temples burnt, boast.

Lo N—th, lo G——n, with equal might aspire;
 One sets the town, one sets the world on fire!
 While Syren P—t amuses with his voice,
 And with lamb's skin covers a R—x's vice!
 While B—ll, a sturdy boor, ubraids them all,
 And is *an anti-man and anti-all!*

Woe be to whom, ascribes all general woes,
 To individual and to private cause;
 Ignorant of all, a quite stoick grown,
 Biting at vain faults, unconscious of his own.

Then let us now the general theme expand,
 Or free range o'er legislation's land,
 For some apologize, some too reprieve,
 The manners censure, and the men forgive.

Yet truths may shine, worthy a Prince's ears,
 To justify my hopes and greater fears;
 And as to me such deserts are not given,
 Point out a Ggorge's and a Joseph's heaven.

O you, who gave me life, and with its fire,
 A soul which love of virtue may inspire !
 Unable to defend my country's cause,
 Unable here, ye gods ! t'assert your laws ;
 From care secluded, in such times as these
 Grant me, if meet, a life of peace and ease !

II. Whatever man usurp 'gainst Providence,
 'Tis religion's ever the pretence ;
 Hypocrisy, dull mistress of the mob,
 Her tyrant head in heav'n, rules the globe ;
 But now the wise t'avoid biggotted bent,
 Believe and pray by act of parliament ;
 They scan, refine, and sift thro' silken sieve,
 Whate'er our simple fathers did believe :
 Poor men, who saw not, heedless of mere form,
 That religion was made but to reform !

O who would be dull credulity's tools ?
 Revelation's nought ; 'twas made for fools.
 Yet you, who philosophically scan,
 A moment's answer ! be candid if you can.

Say,

Say, why not reason, why not nature guide ?
 Why not with equal hand *sow and divide* ?
 Why not be *just* and not *moral*, why ?
 To disbelieve ; Is it *philosophy* ?

You learned christians of the nation,
 You pious birds of revelation,
 Say, why so many contradictions, tricks,
 Between your religion, and politics ?
 Law is still *law even to pigs and dogs*,
 By system you *honest*, by system *rogues*.
 " Is not *duty duty*? Tell me *Adder*,
 " Or fearest nothing, but the ladder ?
 " Hell's not a bugbear, but to be brief :
 " Self-int'rest's all ; *Liberty and roast beef*."

O you, who, thus, dull mortals, ever sell,
 Eternal justice is : all proves it well !
 Beyond the grave, each man shall have his own !
 But Pluto's deaf t' hypocrisy alone.

Here no poor dunce to places nominates ;
 No dull prejudice dull laws dictates,

No mask to hide the lurking villain's face,
 Nor city, Borough, each man finds his place;
 Here, here, my Lords! is no corruption!
 No stupid ass has voice in the election.

III. Say, Nobles, say, in what dilemma stood!
 Is not all mankind, say, one brotherhood?
 And did not nature give, as it was meet,
 Give unto all alike, hands, nose and feet?
 Feet, nose and hands? yes, say, and e'er on earth,
 Was e'er good sense the privilege of birth?
 No, sure, but e'er we see, while we repine,
 Dunce after dunce succeed in royal line.
 Good nature then?—seek, seek it in the croud;
 The heart sure's ne'er so fell as in the proud!
 Then, Nobles, say, arriv'd so great a height!
 Say, what is all, your birth, parentage, right?
 Your right, parentage, birth, if judge I can;—
 Your birth, parentage, right, are those of man:
 And but the more you dignify your blood,
 You work for human or for public good;

Nor, tho' endow'd with ev'ry gift of mind,
 Can you pretend to soar above your kind ;
 In us, all's mis'ry, without, within,
 Tho' ever good or great, still we're but men ;
 But, ah ! reflect, how few distinguish'd found,
 How many low degenerate abound !

IV. Right, thou hast said it, friend, and I have done !
 Reason has its limits, but our pride has none.
 Each religion's good, without bias,
 And ev'ry man's as to the sense he has.
 Thus reason directs, will lead us on,
 And thus reason is sole criterion.
 But reason's oft a gift, not inherent,
 And merit thus consists in mere intent ;
 But what's th' intent, that purpose of the mind,
 Meriting reward e'en to the blind ?
 That too's important—and 'tween good and ill,
 True judgment oft depends upon the will ;
 There, there's the question, faith is not all,
 Or else 'tween religions no diff'rence at all.

If

Is it th' effect of high relation ?
 Is it th' effect of education ?
 Or, by concurrent circumstances drawn,
 Passions, judgment, but err we on the lawn ?
 Beware, my friend, beware, of the deceit !
 We're are all dependent in this lower state ;
 But e'er, to know those of another,
 Our rights, our wants, are link'd together.

V. By *convention, law*, each people deals ;
Justice hath two measures, two weights and scales ;
 Woe thence to him who would *be just* ; woe thence,—
 Woe e'er to him who rules his conscience !
 He may be what he will, sharper, traitor,
 Enemy to man, tyrant, oppressor,—
 Knave or honest, good or bad, nay, no doubt,
 Nay, he'll be every thing turn about.
Justice self-opposing, varying e'er,
 What's here legal, is illegal elsewhere.
 O happy, happy, if inconsistent,
 If the dull Dame not mere injustice meant !

If

If, daughter to custom, did not, I'll divide,
 Or injuring man, or robb'ry sanctified !
 Lo, with tyranny's laws she plays bo-peep,
 Or on her bench she gravely sits asleep,
 While, O ye gods ! around her yelling door,
 Stand the stripp'd orphans, or the helpless poor !
 Just contrary to law, man's punish'd to th' utmost ;
 No ways to punish, who by laws unjust ;
 We only punish some poor wretch alone ;—
 Nor name—nor title—but by law undone ;
 Unto the Mitre, Star, we pardon all ;—
 And both respect the crime and criminal !
 Throughout the world *Virtue* is the same,
 Glows with one fire, kindles in one flame ;
 The same her principle, the same her cause,
 Nor mov'd by fame, by int'rest or applause ;
 But *A* is good and bad in *Country Dance*
 While *B* is rogue in *England*, knave in *France* !
 Preserve us, Gods ! from laws and legislators,
 Preserve from the faults and sins of others ;

Enough

Enough to weakness and corruption prone;

Guard us from frailties, evils, not our own !

VI. Thus govern'd here, e'en Justice but a name,

Pray, what's that thing, the love of glory, fame?

What is that passion, define it if you can?

Love of th' esteem of every honest man?

Or is't the mere desire of applause,

Where truth's unknown, e'en Mobs give laws?

The virtuous man's duty's to do what's fit;

He never builds on mere human credit;

His happiness is self-contentment;

His place, his post of honour, retirement;

The more on earth, oft scorn'd, the more his fame;

In heav'n and in his breast its glories beam!

The knave's ambition not so it tends,

It lurks, it fawns, it creeps, it stops, it bends:

It greets dull fortune at what terms given:

The Mob its idol, the Mob's shout its heav'n!

O Gods, may I, to false applause not yield;

But conquer'd, quit gloriously the field!—

and

D

Thus,

Thus, o'er life's narrow verge, innocently, or ~~ignorantly~~
Walk solitary steps, and live and die. ~~most an igno~~

VII. Of all th' ignoble passions of the mind,
The thirst of gold is the most Fordid, blind;
The avaricious man's ne'er kin nor friend,
Trash his sole aim, Trash is his only end;
He watches, frets, tries scrapes, scarce eats a bit,
Drudges his whole life, has nothing by it;
Pitied by none, by ev'ry man despis'd,
Envy'd, hated, and in his heir chas'tis'd.
O thou, my friend, not so art thou;
Not so do'st think, to run the world thro';
Dross thou despisest, tho' nought ill expend;
Wouldst give a world, tho' poor, to gain a friend!
The poor, th' afflicted, are thy only grief;
Avaricious man, privileged Thief!
Scum of all nature, dross of the earth, Hub aborg if
Mayest feel thy own and ev'ry other death!
Remain a thieving burthen on the ground;
Mayest thus starve while all with thee abound!

Thus

Thus here, still more, beyonds hell's narrow gate,
To lip in water, *meet Tantalus' fate.*

VIII. Love of liberty, when well understood,
Let's e'er regard as mortal's chiefest good ;
Thus if to a degree man with it part,
He may as well give up his head and heart ;
For to what purpose keep 'em ? to what use ?
T'incur more guilt ? more pain ? for mere abuse ?
Nor tho' he skim hell's lake, or milky way ;
Can he keep *them*, if he gives *that* away.
O Gods, behold the whole earth at one glance !
All ideots beneath all ideots prance.
But to see freedom, into license grown
Tyrant of each virtue, and scarce her own !
But to be free, t' enslave one's brother !
But to be free, and tyrant of another !
Immortal Gods ! don't you thus here teach me,
That virtue's not the love of liberty !
Assert a saying, —this awful truth reveal, —
If heard aright 'tis Jove's tremendous peal !

Assert

Assert a saying worthy you : give me,

" Give me the man who from his passions free?"

IX. And what heroism ? O mighty named

Springs it not also from mere love of fame ?

'Tis wind : but I have already said it :

'Tis worse by far ; and to be explicit,

It deals in blood, it murder sanctifies :

'Tis human flesh, heroes, you merchandise !

But heroism in self-defence, I pray,

Is't not a noble passion, say ?

Can't the just man fight in his country's cause ?

Can't he defend his country, King and laws ?

His honour,—friend ?—he can, he should, he ought,

By necessity whenever taught.

But fight for fighting sake ! spread or sustain,

Usurpation's law's, pretension's vain ;

I say, that ideot, that man of blood,

Is worse than Tyger aught that haunts the wood.

What Tyger against Tyger do you see,

In Lybian forest vent his fury ?

Sacred illusive fame ! Brutes are not made,
 Man's made for true ; He grapples at the Shade !
 In isles, countries, blest with Heavenly laws,
 Each citizen should fight his country's cause :
 Should be a soldier, hero, what you please ;
 All, all is murther in such times as these ;
 All's so, my friend ! I cant be too severe ;
 It may be said—but who ? what art ? beware !
 Be'est not some lurking murthering robber,
 Knave, rogue, usurper, usurer !
 Be or be not, opinion's free ;
 And that is all the Muse can say to thee.

X. *Momus* laughing with his *Proteus*—mask
 Vice's ridicule t' expose, forgets his task ;
 Changes it, transforms, and lo, more than blind,
 He quits the stage and creeps among mankind !
 His bag of tricks, his quiver, arrows, shield,
 Alike pervade the cab'net and the field :
 But he infests with more peculiar rage
 The Bar, Senate, the Pulpit and the Stage.

Quitting all reason, lo, with vain pretence,
 Lo he deceives or baffles ev'ry sense!
 The player's muscles change both right and wrong;
 Each painted beauty kills with *syren* song:
 Nor stop we here;—the world's a farce, the age:
 In short, each man's a *Macmus* on the stage.
 Perhaps by Birth each man's a knave or more,
 Each woman too 'tis said by Birth's a w—e!
 All, all, is mumery, wit, deception,
 Or scarce the rule admits exception:
 Not all can chant with *syren* voice or kill,
 Not all have beauties, graces, charms at will:
 While *A* has all in person and in mind,
 Faithful to her lord, her lord's friend to mankind!
 Lo, *Mandamus*, student of the law:
 Lo, how with points he arms his greedy claw:
 That in default of orphan's pilferer,
 He may be troublesome to his neighbour.
 Not all, as we have said, have wit to kill,
 Not all have deadly instruments at will:

But

But of such distinction's no need ;
 We'll take with safety the will for the deed !
 Woe be to *Mevius* when hunger makes him write ;
 Unskill'd to praise, and impotent to bite ;
 Save but to one, innoxious to all,
 His shafts around him innocently fall.

Not like *Bavius* fatting on patent ;
 Four hundred pounds bespeak his mind content ;
 But when in spight of Gods he aims at praise,
 He's sure to lower whom he fain would raise.

Two classes of poets, whose curse is *bread*,
 One in *lampoon*, the other in *ballad*,
 Appall our senses thus with praise or jest,
 Whene'er they want to feed or to digest.

Not as the bird that sings at natal hours !
 Not as the bee that draws its sting from flow'rs !

Unskill'd to praise, unwilling to commend ;
 Bound to one muse, and bias'd to one friend ;
 My heart alone at ills has learn'd to grieve ;
 SIDDONS excuse the tribute I can't give.

With

With all the splendors that can charm the mind
 Of man, from talents, when with virtue join'd ;
Sole Goddess of the scenes ! I can no more ;—
 In silence only with the world adore !

Apollo, thou sad God, provok'd, enrag'd,
 Whose fire charms me, in whose cause engag'd ;
 My soul a moment leans ; ye muses, whence,
 Whence this disgust a-new to human sense ?
 Whence to reward, so willingly disdain
 The poets', artist, orators' pain ?
 Morality is lost, and that's the cause,
 And trifles of us ever gain applause ;
 Then you will not with *Anti Phoebus* vie ;
 Nor share such glory as the God's deny !
Thou sable Tragic Muse, muse of my friend,
Now to thy shrine my knees I chiefly bend !
 O God-like muses, who presence deny
 Th' ungrateful, perfidious, unheavenly :
 Who too with virtuous men please to retire,
 E'n of gen'us flying the knavish fire !

O thus

O thus with you for ever would I dwell,
 Your shrines inhabit, invoke you to my cell!
 Truth, and love sacred to you, for ever,
 The honest heart t'habit shall prefer.

Who would not now in some small knowledge pride ?

While truth with knave, nor knave with truth abide !

While 'tis no doubt an universal rule

Each fool's a rogue, each rogue a dunce or fool.

I will not here a list of farces add,

Or Prologue-makers pass in Dunciad ;

I'll let them sleep, dream or ne'r awake,

Let mobs shout at them, give them beer and cake !

XII. Say, while immers'd in inauspicious things,

Satire's the schools of morals and of kings ;

Is't right, that on crown'd heads, if all depend,

Bad education, law, each crime descend ?

Doubtless. Yet here, some kings not all they say,

Their power limited, and their sway:

F

Then,

Then, on your morals, on your virtues own,
 Depend your strife, your struggle with the throne ?
 Your struggle with yourselves ? but you've heard all ;
What's ev'ry one's bus'ness is no body's at all.

Thus if a hero, military king,
 Shook off perchance, that clouded poor half thing ;
 That neither leads or drives, in peace or war ;
 Could he not sway the legislator car ?

I e'en dare say he could, e'en to such sway,
Roast beef and liberty did e'er obey,
 When such and such did break yonr Parliament ;
 Did they ought do, my Whigs, but what you meant ?
 Treat, gamester, drunkard, pimp, each senator ;
 Or what he was, some knavish barrister.
 What such have done O might a virtuous do !
 But king 'tis m—— a F——t——a rules not you.

Think, oh ! what fame to our nephews you leave ;
 Think what a name shall decorate your grave.

Of

Of all the *Paradisi*al fruit thon that may'st eat ;

The tree of knowledge, no forbidden fruit.

On thee once more, on thee depends all, all ;

The fate of man, his apotheosis, fall !

Britons, 'tis ours to second some crown'd sage !

Let truth and virtue occupy the page.

Thus shall each god some glory round you spread,

Each lawrel thus wreath Britania's head.

But as of old t' assembled Israel,

Moses in parting bid his last farewell ;

When he had set before them in a glafs,

What since became, and what might come to pafs ;

If not may you, as must, e'er rascals be,

May your virtues to vice alone be free !

May you in short, remain just what you are,

A fly, slow race, beer, cakes, your only care.

The will of Providenee be done ever ;

On you lie all the wishes saints profer !

Think

Think you to you is due no punishment,

As well as unto King or Parliament?

The whole, whole world your sophistry belies,

E'en your own hearts if you dare moralize!

But I don't wish you yet all hell believe,

And rather wish that you convert and live!

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 6, line 6, for cmoe read come
 10, — 11, for will lead read will leads
 11, for judgement read judgements
 12, — 20, for preserve read preferve us
 13, — 16, for stops read stoops
 14, — 18, for death read dearth
 15, — 2, for beyonds read beyond

Entered at STATIONER'S HALL.